PAGE FOR WOMEN ABOUT FASHIONS AN HOME

MANNERS FOR THE TABLE

A Person's Breeding More Quickly Noticed There Than Anywhere Else—The Correct Way of Sitting.

THE WIFE of one of the professors in a college town has the habit of inviting the undergraduates to her house to meals. One girl, a member of the senior class, was invited. After she had quitted the house the feminine head of the family said to her daughter:

"Whomever I ask here after this our guest of the evening shall not be one of the company. Did you see that she left her knife and fork trailing from her plate at the table?"

Nothing indicates the well-bred person more than table manners.

A woman may pass muster by dressing well, and may sustain herself tolerably in conversation, but if not properly au fait with less conveyances, she is betrayed by her manner at table.

There is a correct way of doing everything, no matter how trivial, even to helping one's self to salt or butter.

The rows of knives and forks on each side of the plate are a thing of the past, together with oddly-shaped knives and forks; many smart hostesses do not even use a special fork for oysters. Only the knife and fork are placed for each person, and are changed for fresh ones with each course. They are placed exactly one inch from the edge of the table.

The salt cellars, one at each corner, are also placed very near the edge of the table. In helping to salt, take some on the side of the plate; don't put it on the tablecloth; don't sprinkle it over the viands, but take a little as needed. It is considered a reflection on the cook to make too lavish use of condiments. The Frenchman will tell you that Americans do their cooking at table—such an elaborate ceremony do they make of salting and peppering every bit of food.

Bread is always broken in small pieces, never cut and never crumbled into soup or sauce. Oysters and clams are eaten without bread. Don't butter an entire slice of bread, but a small piece as you eat it.

Soup is taken from the side of the spoon, which is filled by drawing it up from the edge of the spoon with the movement toward you.

Wield knife, fork and spoon as quietly as possible. Don't let fork or spoon jangle upon the dish.

In using the knife and fork, a movement of the wrist, not of the elbow, is the proper thing. Some people seem to think that vigorous exercise with the elbows aids mastication. The handle of the knife should rest in the center of the hand, and no part of the hand should touch the knife above the handle. In using a fork, only half of the handle—and that half farthest from the prongs—is covered by the hand.

Don't leave the knife and fork at sixes and sevens on the plate at the end of a meal. Place the fork a little to the left of the plate's center with the ends of the prongs down, and the knife to the right of the fork and parallel with it. Let the edge of the blade be turned to the fork.

There may be people who take fish or soup twice, just as there are persons who believe in the regeneration of Turkey. This is a bad breach of table etiquette. By so doing, you delay the appearance of the second course, to the great inconvenience of your fellow guests and to the chagrin of your hostess.

In serving soup, one ladleful to each plate is sufficient.

A knife, if of silver, is used for fish in conjunction with a fork. The old fashion was a fork, aided by a piece of bread. If the knife is steel, don't touch it to fish. The King of England takes his fish with two forks. All vegetables are eaten with a fork, and asparagus with knife and fork, although it may be taken up with the fingers, if one prefers to do so. A safe rule at table, however, is never to touch any bit of food with the fingers, olives and hors d'oevres generally excepted.

All pies are eaten with a fork only, and also most puddings, except custards, which require a spoon. Cheese is eaten with a fork. Peaches and pears are peeled, cut in half, then broken by the fork, and thus eaten. An orange may be cut in half and eaten with a spoon.

America; in England a spoon is used. Ameirac, in England a spoon is used. With all deference to English customs, a very safe rule is, eat nothing with a spoon that can be taken with a fork.

A hostess does not press a guest to eat more, nor assure her that there is an abundant supply; it were invidious for her to doubt it. Where considerations of health do not forbid it, it is courteous to partake a little of every course.

No guest passes a plate, or offers to serve anything unless requested to do so.

To detect oneself in a solecism is, as a rule, as mortifying a thing as can happen. Under such circumstances, men and women behave very differently, and so betray themselves, in the sequel more than they do in the act.

A young woman with an undue amount of country-girl ignorance and lack of experience was invited to luncheon at a fashionable house. Bouillon was served in cups. The girl thought it was tea and asked the maid for sugar. Before she put it into the bouillon, the hostess, by whose elbow the young woman was sitting, said:

"That, my dear, is bouillon."

"Yes, I know," retorted the guest, "but I always take sugar in mine."

As a matter of act, she had never taken bouillon in any way, and had not the remotest idea what it was; and she made her mistake all the more glaring by not following the plan which indicates breeding—simplicity.

Abraham Lincoln had an experience not entirely dissimilar to that of the young woman in question. At a dinner party at which he was present there was a saddle of mutton. When the butler passed a glass of jelly Lincoln took it and ate its contents. Another glass was passed from diner to diner and each took a spoonful. Lincoln observed this, and with a characteristic quiet laugh, said:

"I seem to have taken more than my share."

There was no apology and no embarrassment. A particularly fastidious woman who was present said afterward that the sad-looking and rather awkward frontiersman was, by nature, a better gentleman than any one she had ever met, even in places where men were supposed to be gentlemen as a matter of course.

One of the fundamental rules to observe is the manner of sitting down at the table.

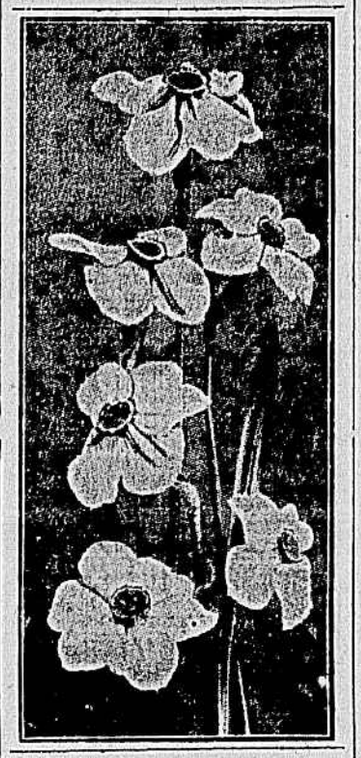
In a certain recent book a young girl writes to her mother: "I am sure you made a mistake in what you told me, that all well-bred people behave nicely at dinner, and sit up, because they don't a bit. Lots of them put their elbows on the table, and nearly all sit anywhere on their chars."

Do not sit on the edge of the chair, nor sidewise. Nor should the back rest continually on the back of the chair. An easy, upright position is the proper one. The feet should rest on the floor, and sit far enough away from the plate to be able to use the knife and fork without awkwardness.

"It is worse than a crime; it is ill-bred," the society woman will tell you about this careless manner of sitting. Nothing points out the ill-bred woman more quickly than the position she takes when she sits down to table.—Margaret Van Stinghen Tracy.

JONQUIL AND NARCISSUS.

Across the stormy Atlantic the sun is shining in the Channel Islands, where the daffodils sway to the kisses of the wind, great farms there being now devoted to the growing of the trumpet-shaped golden variety, which is known here as the jonquil, and to the sweet-



scented narcissus, or the daffodil of the poets.

Thousands of these pretty blossoms are sold in the London and Paris markets and appear in the florists' windows and in decorations for drawing and dining-room at receptions and dinner parties.

The legends connected with the trumpet daffodil and the narcissus are among the most interesting of the many that fill the pages of mythology. They record that when Persephone, the daughter of Demeter, was a little maiden, she wandered about the meadows of Enna, in Sicily, to gather white daffodils to wreathe into her hair, and being tired fell asleep. Pluto, the god of the infernal regions, carried her off to become his wife, and his touch turned the white flowers to a golden yellow. Some remained in her tresses till she reached the meadows of Acheron, and falling off there grew into the asphodel, with which the meadows henceforth abounded.

Jean Ingelow's "Persephone" refers in a charming way to the legend, as will be seen from this verse, in which the poetess writes:

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
Demeter's daughter, fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
And gamesome as the morning air.
The daffodils were fair to see;
They nodded lightly on the lea.
"Persephone! Persephone!

Shakespeare in "The Winter's Tale," begins a song of springtime thus:

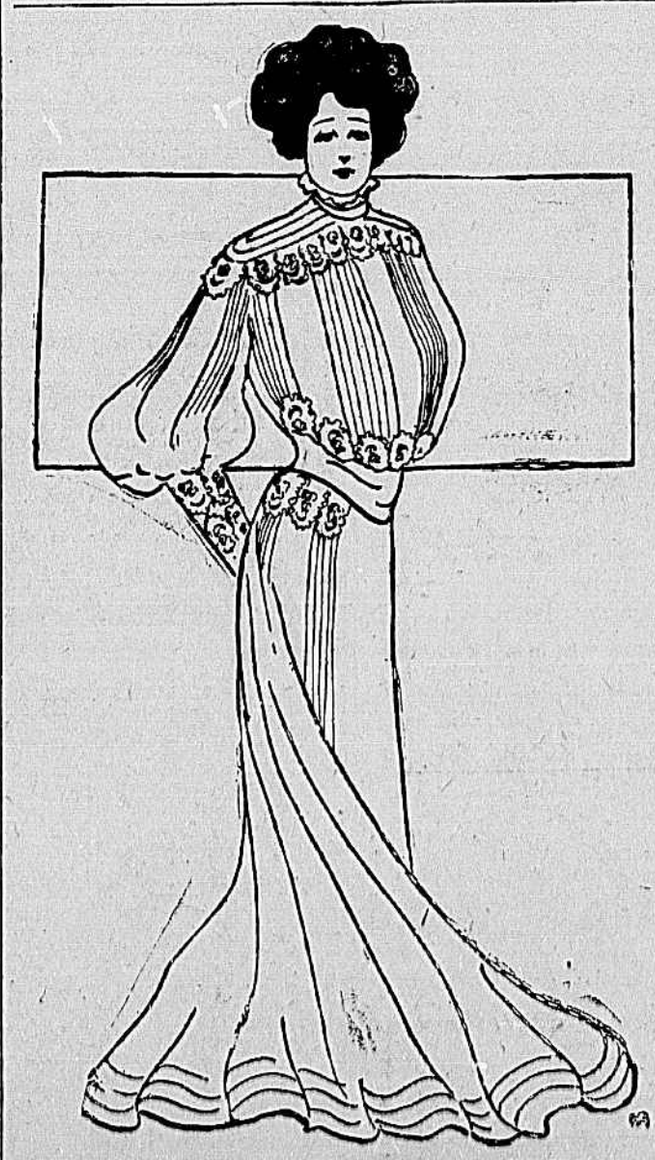
When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then thou com'st in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

In scene third of the same play Perdita exclaims prettily:

"I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day—and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenhead growing—O Proserpina!
For the flowers now, that frighten, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon; daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty!"

The name daffodil is said to be a corruption of the French d'aspodele, for aphodel. It was once called affadil, and memory goes back with delight to childish recollections of "the roses and the posies and the daffy-down-a-dillies." A preparation made from the roots of the daffodil was anciently believed to be sure cure for madness.

The jonquil and narcissus are both hardy garden growers and have generous space accorded them in old fashioned Virginia gardens along with snow drops, flowering almond, bleeding heart, tulips, peonies, hyacinths, purple and white lilacs, snowballs, calacanthus and violets.



A VOILE FROCK.

This gown is lovely made in a very pale electric blue voile over a taffeta foundation of the same color. It is extensively tucked, as shown in the illustration. If one is fortunate enough to have one of the tuckers that fit any machine and which tuck woolen materials without basting, this gown would not take long or be difficult to make.

The little lace motifs are of Irish point, edged around with a narrow Valenciennes lace. The idea of these going up and down from the drawn girdle gives a very good effect. The skirt is seven-gored, with a group of fine tucks down each seam. The tucks are all put on the straight side of the seam and are tucked before cutting out the skirt, so a plain seven-gored skirt pattern can be used. The skirt is finished around the edge with three tucks.

THE BRIDAL FAN OF WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

The owner of a lace fan, which has descended to her from a grandmother or a great-aunt, may reckon herself truly fortunate, for the renaissance of the lace fan is so decided that dealers in rare and antique toilet curios are beset with orders from society women and leaders, who wish to add another specimen of a school, or a period of the lace weaver's skill to their collection.

Much romance and tender association is attached to the bridal fan of Queen Wilhelmina, into which was woven so much devotion and loyal sentiment on the part of those who presented it to her, and who desired that the wedding garments of their young sovereign should typify the great measure of love they felt for her.

Marie Antoinette and Marie Stuart, of Scotland, were both collectors of fans, and were women who understood the secret of using a fan so as to heighten their power of fascination. The fans of the Marie Antoinette period are known by their Watteau pictures and dainty decorative panels.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, is a woman of the present, who has a passion for lace in fans. She has helped the Italian lace schools, of which she is a patroress, and has probably one of the prettiest collections extant of antique and modern lace fans.

GOOD RECIPES.

Taken From the Compilation of a Famous Virginia Housewife.

The housewife is held to her labors
By three great powers—
Love, that poureth like water
Through hours and hours.

Duty, high as the heavens,
Deep as the sea—
These, and the great compeller,
Necessity.

French Loaf.

To one quart of flour add three tablespoonfuls of fresh butter, four eggs, half a tea-cup of yeast, one tablespoonful of sugar; cream the butter as for cake, but do not wash it; beat the eggs separately very light, and beat in half the flour with the eggs, creaming the other half with the butter; then add the beaten egg and flour gradually to the butter and flour, beat well, add the sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt, unless the butter is salt enough. Last of all, stir in the yeast; set to rise in a buttered mould, and when well risen bake. It requires about the same time to rise and bake as Sally Lunn.

Tea Bread.

One quart of flour, four large potatoes boiled and mashed, three eggs beaten separately, one cup of yeast, one cup of butter and lard mixed, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar; no water nor milk; rub butter and lard in the flour; mash the potatoes and mix with the beaten eggs and other ingredients. Pour all into the flour and set to rise; bake in small rolls or round light biscuits.

Best Almond Blanc Mange.

To one quart of rich cream add six spoonfuls of powdered sugar; season with vanilla and whip to a stiff froth; pour a pint of cold water over an ounce of gelatine, and let it simmer till thoroughly dissolved; when milk warm, stir in the cream, and one-half pound of almonds, blanched, and cut into shreds; beat it well and pour into moulds previously wet with cold water.

Curried Chicken.

This is a delightful dish for luncheon or supper; boil the chicken till tender; fry two small onions in a tablespoonful of oil and a tablespoonful of butter; when they are a rich golden brown, a tablespoonful of curry is stirred in and cooked till it is thoroughly browned without burning; cut the chicken in small pieces, removing the bones; put it with the water in which it has been boiled, into the pan with the onions and curry, and cook steadily for twelve minutes. It is prettier to serve it with a ring of rice around the platter.

MARGARET FRENCH.

FEBRUARY 22, 1904.

DAY WE CELEBRATE; ITS DAILY MENU

Breakfast.

Baked Apples. Cream.
Hominy Cakes. Scrambled Eggs.
Fresh Bay Mackerel, Broiled.
Browned Corn Hoe Cakes. French Rolls.
Coffee. Tea.

Dinner.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Jowl. Turnip Salad.
Baked Shad, Egg Dressing.
Hyden Salad. Cold Slaw.
Sweet Potatoes, Sliced and Browned.
Boiled Rice.
Stewed Salsify. Apple Charlotte.
Syllabub. Sponge Cake.
Coffee.

Supper.

Spoon Batter Bread. Buttermilk Biscuit.
Smithfield Ham, cold.
Pickled Oysters.
Peaches and Cream.
Coffee. Chocolate.

THE SMILE.

A smile is a Flower blooming fair—
Its petals often cover
Sighs in the heart or places where
The wings of Sorrow hover.

A Smile is a Bird, whose hopeful wing
Gleams thro' the sky of Sorrow.
At night in the dark I hear it sing,
A joy awaits the Morrow!

A Smile is a Brook that finds its way
Through desert Hearts and dreary.
Drink of the Brook! Its Waters may
Give strength if thou art weary,

A Smile is an easy thing to build
Before our Cares or after—
And smiling once, we often gild
Our sombre woes with laughter.

Then why not smile, for the Day is brief;
The Night has many Hours!
Then why not smile and hide a grief
Beneath a wreath of Flowers?

—Morgan Shepard.

JAPANESE WEDDING.

A Western woman's club recently gave a novel entertainment in the form of a Japanese wedding. The ceremony was in charge of a lady lately returned from the Orient, and was presented with all the accessories of bright hued silken garments, cloisonne rice bowls and all. The bride of the evening was gowned in scarlet and gold, with an exquisitely embroidered crepe veil, and as she knelt with the young bridegroom upon a raised dais she was nine times saluted by the parents and friends of both, and nine times presented with the cup of nuptial wine.

This proceeding, which is the extent of the marriage rite itself, was followed by the Japanese wedding march, during the performance of which the bride went meekly round and round the room at the heels of her new-made lord, covered by a huge parasol, and accompanied by her humble little maids. While the wedding feast of rice was being laboriously disposed of, a charming little Jap went through a series of fantastic steps, and two other natives played battledore and shuttlecock, and tossed bean bags in true juggler fashion.

DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils.
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine,
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at one glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

—WORDSWORTH.

A PRETTY TEA GOWN.

Every woman knows the comfort of a tea gown or wrapper and how indispensable it is to one's wardrobe. This design shows a very good model for a tea gown. The fancy collar, with cape effect, trimmed with lace, is particularly pretty and becoming. This gown should be made of nun's veiling, challie, albatross, cashmere, silk, flannel or any other material suitable for wrappers, while the trimming can be according to one's taste. The back is fashioned in the Watteau style.

MILADY'S SPRING FANCIES.

Lenten Inceptions Which Will Mature at Easter Tide. Some of the Season's Striking Novelties.

With the advent of spring the heart of the eternal feminine lightly concerns itself with the never-ending question: "How, in what manner and wherewithal shall I be clothed upon?" A month or two later, when the feminine casts her sober-colored garments, which symbolize Lent and penitence, and bursts upon the enraptured vision of humanity in foamy waves of white or green or mauve, she will tinge all her surroundings with the aroma of her brightness and grace.

White lace, white net, white chiffon, white crepe de chine, and, in fact, everything that is soft and clinging and sheer and misty and diaphanous is sure to enmesh Milady's heart in springtime. A gown now being made up for a Richmond belle has a background of sheer white silk net, embroidered with a pattern of roses and leaves in white taffeta. They are appliqued with stitches so nearly invisible that the design looks as if woven into the net.

The circular waist is slightly bloused and has full sleeves, finished each with an accordion-plaited net ruffle. The skirt fits close around and below the waist, and flares out well around the bottom, which is finished with a taffeta ruching. The foundation is of taffeta, with an interlining of liberty silk.

Silk voile is a material that has attracted to itself Milady's fancy. In pale green, several designs are now being evolved by Richmond dressmakers. Both waists and skirts in voile have plaits and entre deux of white lace, the plaits being stitched down and the skirt finished with a flaring flounce. Pinkings of white chiffon and silk ruchings give a particularly pretty and springlike effect to these voile gowns.

Ever dear to Milady's heart are her smart silk shirt waist gowns; her immaculate morning costumes of heavy linen and Irish point; her standard suits of white pique.

The prettiest silk for the shirt waist toilets is in plain black, dark blue, or gun-metal gray, or in the polka dot effects, which are so effective. Stitching in rows or bands, buttons and hand work judiciously applied, make all the trimming necessary for these suits, their style depending largely on their cut and finish, which should be of the best.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

When Washington was elected general of the army he was forty-three years of age. In stature he a little exceeded six feet; his limbs were sinewy and well proportion; his chest broad, his figure stately, blending dignity of presence with ease of manner.

His robust constitution had been tried and invigorated by his early life in the wilderness, his habit of occupation out-of-doors, and his rigid temperance, so that few equalled him in strength of arm or power of endurance. His complexion was florid, his hair dark brown, his head in its shape perfectly round.

His broad nostrils seemed formed to give expression and escape to scornful anger. His dark blue eyes, which were deeply set, had an expression of resignation and earnestness that was almost sad. —George Bancroft.

A DAFFODIL WEDDING.

A springtime wedding always savors of romance and poetry. When sweet, starry narcissus blossoms enter into the floral scheme, the result is only to be out-done by an arbutus, or an apple blossom, or a violet bridal affair.

Many brides turn by wise preference to daffodils, as the narcissi are often called, and have no feeling of disappointment in their choice.

Enamaled narcissus blossoms make very pretty gifts from a bride to her maids, and altar decorations in palms, white

candles, ferns and the white and gold of the flowers are beautiful indeed.

In the home mantels should be massed with narcissi interspersed with ribbon grass and foliage plants. Bowls and vases filled with blossoms should be placed here and there. Palms should be grouped in corners. Smilax should screen doorways and be looped back with a cluster of daffodils.

In the dining-room a lace centerpiece over green, should hold a big placque of daffodils fringed with maidenhair ferns and veiled in tulle. Tulle extending from the chandelier to the corners of the table should be intertwined with smilax and bunched on the table corners with bouquets of daffodils. Gilt candelabra with white candles and yellow silk shades should furnish the illumination.

The bride's gown may be of white lace over soft white silk. Her veil should be fastened with daffodils and she should carry a shower of them.

Maids should wear pale green chiffon with shepherdess hats of white leghorn shaded with white plumes and have armfuls of maidenhair ferns tied with white tulle.

A COLONIAL SUPPER.

As an appropriate celebration of Washington's birthday—February 22d—a Revolutionary supper would be very attractive. The white wig or powdered hair, panier skirt, white kerchief, paint and patches are always becoming to matrons and girls, while the queue, satin waistcoat, ruffled shirt and knee breeches are equally well worn by the gentlemen.

In connection with the supper an entertainment should be given, the programme including old songs and tableaux. The tableau of the making of the first flag by Betsy Ross would make a good number. A small American flag, a diminutive hatchet, or a bunch of artificial cherries could be given as souvenirs.

American Beauty roses should make the centerpiece for the supper table, which should be lighted with red and white candles in old-fashioned silver candelabra or candlesticks. An appropriate menu would include:

Broiled Oysters. Fricasseed Chicken.
Waffles. Beaten Biscuit.
Corn Cakes. Honey.
Peach Preserves. Pound Cake.
Coffee. Milk.

BEAD GIRDLES AND STOCKS

Bead work craze started in the making of fobs, belts and chains and has developed through the constant efforts of many designers into a very profitable means of support. The growing demand for articles now made of Indian beads would make us think that there might be a revival of the full beaded costume, but as the predicting of fashions several seasons in advance is at the best uncertain, it would be better to talk only of those things which we see, which include any number of novelties.

Stock collars are among the late novelties in the bead line. There is a great variety of combinations and many designs to select from. Indian bead opera bags, ring and chain purses are also being renewed. Some are made of cut steel, while others are of the Indian seed beads, the latter often worked up in very elaborate flower and landscape designs.

RAFFIA EMBROIDERY.

A growing fad which has sprung up recently is raffia embroidery. It is particularly applied to burlap of various solid colors for sofa pillows. The raffia comes in long strands, tied in skeins, like coarse yarn. It is in all the darker shades—red, blue, green and similar ones—but as yet it is difficult to obtain it in the more delicate tints.

The favorite designs used are conventional border work, Greek and Roman figures. Diagonal stripes of solid raffia stitches are especially striking. Sometimes the raffia braided matting is employed for the groundwork of the cushion, and upon it heavy designs in contrasting colors are worked.

I WOULDN'T FRET.

Dear little lad, with flashing eyes,
And soft cheeks, where the swift red flies,
Some one has grieved you, dear; I know
Just how it hurts; words can hurt so!
But listen, laddie—don't you hear
The old clock ticking loud and clear?
It says, "Dear heart, let us forget—
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

Why, little girlie, what's gone wrong?
My song-bird's drooping, hushed her song.
The world has used you ill, you say?
Ah, sweetheart, that is just its way.
It doesn't mean to be unkind,
So, little lassie, never mind;
The old clock ticks, "Forget, forget,
I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

—Florence A. Jones.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote—and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate—
If sleeping, wake; if fasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

RUBENS' HOUSE.

Visitors to Antwerp are still shown the house occupied for many years by Rubens. The mansion stands exactly as the great artist left it, except for certain restorations, which have been made with the utmost care. Judged by the best standards of recent residential architecture, the Rubens house is a beautiful and imposing structure. The decorations of the facade are extremely ornate.